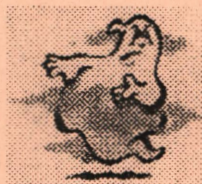


GHOST TRACKERS NEWSLETTER

The Official Paranormal Publication of the Ghost Research Society



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Ghost Trackers Newsletter

The Ghost Trackers Newsletter is the official paranormal publication of the Ghost Research Society. The GRS was founded in 1978 by Martin V. Riccardo and this publication soon followed in September of 1982. It is published and edited by Dale D. Kaczmarek, President and is put out in February, June and October.

The **Ghost Research Society** is a membership organization devoted to collecting, analyzing and researching all forms of the paranormal with an emphasis on ghosts, hauntings, poltergeists and life after death. Different memberships are available for those wishing to become more actively involved. We are also looking for officers, State Coordinators, Field Investigators and Area Research Directors for various states and countries.

Regular memberships are \$20.00 per year and include three issues of the Ghost Trackers Newsletter, GRS button, membership card, discounts to GRS sponsored events and tours, FREE photo analysis service and discounts on new and used books with FREE finder service available. Send wants! **Sustaining Memberships** are \$25.00 and include the above and the opportunity of helping with ghost research and attending field excursions (Midwest members only and subject to interview) at least twice a year. **Contributing Memberships** are \$30.00 and besides the above receive a free newspaper clipping service for your particular state (or country) sent on an irregular basis with your subscription. Multi-year, Patron and Lifetime Memberships are also available. If interested in those, please request further information.

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Editors page:



I thoroughly enjoyed my research trips this year especially the one in New Jersey and New York. I want to thank, Randy Liebeck, my New Jersey State Coordinator for graciously finding the time to be with my wife and I during our trip to the Garden State. We traveled throughout the state to such places as: Shades of Death Road which was something out of the "Twilight Zone" since we thought we were never going to see civilization again as we got a bit lost; Ghost Lake where an apparition of a woman can sometimes be seen rising from the surface of the lake; Bernardsville Public Library, scene of numerous sounds and other disturbances; The Spy House, which unfortunately has been shut down and was one of the most haunted sites in New Jersey; plus a number of drive-by places and several stops in downtown Manhattan including a haunted firehouse, the apartment where Edgar Allen Poe spent some time and a haunted restaurant. Most of the latter sites were from the book *New York City Ghosts* which is reviewed in this edition.

We had a great time and would love to come back again soon because there's so much more to see including haunted Cape May. Thanks again Randy!

As of this printing, my long-awaited book *Windy City Ghosts* is finally on it's way to the publishers. Ingram Publishing in conjunction with my good friend Troy Taylor will be producing my book next Spring. Watch for it on the GRS website and the June edition of the newsletter.

I wish to thank the following people

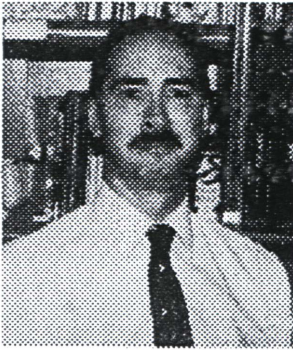
for their contributions: Jim Gracz, and Maggie Cooper for their unusual photographs, Dennis Hauck for the raw footage from the *Black Forest Haunting*, Linda Haluska for the newspaper clippings, Timothy Dennehy for the video *Ghost Quest 98* and Mark Gordon for the information on Herman Mudgett and *Murder Castle*.

With the ghost tours, Excursions Into The Unknown, now in full swing, I have been getting a tremendous amount of new business from the *Home and Away Magazine* from the AAA Chicago Motor Club as they featured Excursions Into The Unknown in the September/October edition as Partners of the Month. This year's tour will be a north and northwest side tour which is quite different from last year's tour, a south and southwest side tour.

Matt Hucke informs me that during the beginning of September the official GRS website (www.ghostresearch.org) has gotten more than twice the usual amount of hits per day. For the first three days in September there were 20,578 hits of the website! That is phenomenal! I have been doing some subtle changes and updates recently and will be adding some new links, photographs and stories in the upcoming weeks. Those that I promised to exchange links with, please be patient as this is my busiest time of the year and I will definitely get around to them. I promise!



Ghost Research Society



I would like to welcome Phil Driscoll, Brandon Kutka and Jeff Vollmer as new Patron Members, Frank Spaziante III as a new Contributing Member and Karen Rasco and Christina Wallbruch as new Sustaining Members. Also a special thanks goes out to Donna Boonstra for her recent upgrade to a Lifetime Membership. Since our last newsletter we have added two new members and have received renewals from seven veteran members. Thanks to all!

At this printing the GRS and Dale Kaczmarek will be featured on a number of television specials around the Halloween season. Discovery Channel will air a one hour segment on ghost investigators sometime in October. Check your local listings for times and dates.

TLC will be airing several photographs from the GRS archives in a segment called "Top Ten" and Popular Mechanics for Kids will be airing some footage of the Joplin ghost light on their kids program October 25th which is a Saturday morning. The segment will be called "Spook Out".

The segment being put together by Daniel Noah and Christina Varotsis has been suspended by the production staff due to costs and the production crew.

During a research trip to Richmond, Virginia recently we were invited to investigate a horse farm that was allegedly haunted by phantom horses, sounds and other weird occurrences. Plus the main building was haunted by noises like a cardboard box being dragged around.

Stanley Suho, my wife and I drove out to the site and planned on staying only a few days, however my car had other plans. It broke down several times under very mysterious circumstances and three different repair shops including two GM dealers could not ascertain the source of the problem. So, we ended up staying a few extra days.

We were able to set up G.E.I.S.T. along with the nightvision cameras, wireless FM transmitters and other devices at the various locations that were the focal points of the haunting. Due to the wishes of the owners, I am not able to identify this location and there is a very real possibility that a follow-up investigation for next year is possible.

We were able to get some strange orbs floating around in the main building and some unusual sounds in the empty structure while it was being monitored with a wireless FM transmitter. We did not, however, see anything visual even though before and after we left the phenomena continues. The farm is very close to a significant Civil War battle and two smaller unmarked cemeteries; one that is alleged to be a slave cemetery. Those interested in joining us for a possible follow-up next year, please contact me with your availability.

Encounters at Evergreen Cemetery

Lee Holloway

Evergreen Cemetery in Jacksonville, Florida, comprises a parcel of land that was once part of Palermo Plantation, home of the L'Engles, one of Jacksonville's founding families. In the 1880s, when the site where there were already numerous graves was officially designated a cemetery, it was situated well north of the city. Today, the graveyard is surrounded by houses and commercial establishments. Driving north on Main Street, one makes a right turn into the cemetery and suddenly, the hustle and bustle of a progressive city are forgotten and replaced by peace and tranquility. A portion of the newer part of the cemetery is designated a "memorial garden" with graves marked by flat, nondescript bronze plaques, and near the gate is a wall of modern crypts. But a little farther along the winding driveway, flanked on either side by stately palms, are some quite marvelous tombs.

The Ugly Angel



Among the granite and marble headstones, statuary and vaults, there stands an incredibly unattractive male winged creature. This grotesque Gabriel marks the final resting place of Bette Hightower, a young matron who died December 12, 1932, a few days shy of

her 35th birthday. The elaborate monument, although commonly referred to as "the ugly angel", must have been costly, and probably considered extravagant, during the days of the Great Depression when it was erected. If there were any supernatural encounters near the site during the first 30 years following Mrs. Hightower's death, such are not recorded, however, an apparition has been seen on at least two occasions since.

Barbara Wimberley's grandmother was one of those people who believed in visiting the dead and almost every Sunday afternoon, the family drove to Evergreen Cemetery. "It was a routine," Barbara recalls. "On Sundays, we went to church; we went to Grandma's; and we went to the cemetery." The cemetery visit was routine, too, until the Sunday Barbara and her grandmother saw the ghost.

"Our family graves aren't too far from the main gate," Barbara says, "and, of course, while the adults stood around reminiscing, my sister and brother and I ran around among the graves. One Sunday we discovered what we came to call 'the ugly angel,' and after that, as soon as we got out of the car, we would run off to see it. The thing is so hideous. I can't imagine anyone putting something like that on a tombstone."

Barbara recollects a particular Sunday in the early 60s when her grandmother was saddened by the death of an older brother. "I remember she was sitting in the back with my sister and me and instead of talking a blue streak like she usually did, she was very quiet. Now, I

realize she was grieving, but at the time, I didn't understand, because I had hardly known my great uncle. Anyway, we pulled up near our family plots and got out and, of course, my sister said let's go see the ugly angel and for some reason that I have never known, Grandma decided to go with us. We ran on ahead with my sister going off in one direction and me in the other. Then I stopped and waited for Grandma and we were walking along together when we saw what I guess was a ghost. There, right in front of the ugly angel was a woman. About the time I saw her, Grandma said, 'Oh, Lord!', so I knew she had seen her, too."

According to Barbara, the apparition was "definitely female," clothed in a light-colored dress or suit. "For some reason," she continues, "I think it was a suit with a jacket and long mid-calf skirt. We only saw her for an instant and we knew she wasn't real because she was all shiny, like there was a bright light behind her shining all around her. She didn't look real."

Following her initial shock, Barbara's grandmother became exceedingly calm and explained to her granddaughter the spirit was a sign and they should not be frightened. "She never said what kind of sign it was, but she never tried to say it was just the way the light was shining through the trees or anything like that. But what I remember most about that day, I mean, other than seeing the ghost, was that Grandma was more like herself on the way home."

Thirty years later, Barbara, now an adult with children of her own, found herself once again in Evergreen Cemetery. Her younger brother had been killed in an accident two weeks earlier and it was his grave she was visiting. "I was really sad," she recalls. "I had started to leave, but I couldn't stop crying so I decided to walk

around and try to calm down before driving home. For some reason I cannot explain, I found myself headed in the direction of the ugly angel and I saw her again. The same woman I had seen 30 years before was standing there just like she was before. She was all shimmery-like. I stopped dead in my tracks and just like before, she disappeared. She didn't fade away like ghosts do on TV. It was just she was there and then she was gone. I saw her only a second, but it was the same figure in the same light-colored outfit."

Following her initial shock, Barbara hurried to the resting place of Belle Hightower and tarried there. "After seeing the ghost, or whatever it was, I was overcome by a feeling of peace. It was like I suddenly knew there was something more, that I would see my brother again."

Barbara has visited the cemetery frequently since her second encounter with the specter near the ugly angel monument, but has never seen the shining wraith again. "I think whatever it was appears to people who are grieving," she surmises, "to comfort them and let them know there is life after death."

A Lady in Violet

The other two spirits of Evergreen Cemetery are in the old section which is reached by driving out the back gate and across the railroad tracks. This part of the burial ground incorporates an assortment of magnificent mausoleums and funerary art of the Victorian era beneath a canopy of towering moss-draped oaks. It is in this setting of shadows and gloom that a lady dressed in violet once walked and perhaps, she walks here still.

Although no one has reported seeing her in many years, in the 1940s Mary Frances

Hilliard saw the apparition while visiting the cemetery with her aunt, uncle and cousin one overcast afternoon. "We were just wandering about when my cousin suddenly shouted, 'Look!' and pointed back toward the gate. What we saw was a woman in an old-fashioned violet-colored dress and she was wearing a black hat with some kind of plume on it like an ostrich feather. Her long skirt was more straight than flared, so she was probably from the 1890s. You know, I wasn't really scared because I had heard stories. I was fascinated, but not scared."

Ms. Hilliard, admittedly, was not frightened by the lady in violet, but the same cannot be said of her aunt. "Aunt Lavenia was a hysterical woman and she almost fainted, or, at least, she pretended she was about to faint, and Uncle Ruben had to help her to the car," Ms. Hilliard relates.

When they got home, according to Ms. Hilliard, Aunt Lavenia ran onto the porch, "practically fell back into the swing," and after catching her breath, dramatically reported what happened in the cemetery. "Mama was a little concerned," Ms. Hilliard admits, "but my grandfather heard the commotion and came out on the porch and said people had been seeing the spirit of a woman in the cemetery as far back as he could remember. I never knew if he was trying to help or harm because he said anybody who saw the ghost would have a death in the family in a few days and that made Aunt Lavenia even worse."

One wonders whether Ms. Hilliard's grandfather knew of what he spoke, or was simply fed up with his daughter-in-law's hysterics. In any event, a few days later, Aunt Lavenia's father died unexpectedly and was buried in Evergreen Cemetery.

So far as it is known, this is the last reported sighting of the wraith in the violet

dress. Because violet, like black, was once considered a color of mourning, the lady is likely the apparition of a woman who, in life, frequently visited the grave of a loved one. If Ms. Hilliard's grandfather was right, and the phantom is a crisis apparition appearing to those who are about to lose a family member, this would explain why she has not been seen in recent years because nowadays, few burials take place in this section of the graveyard.

Tomb of the Unknown

The final - - and most intriguing - - ghost stalking the serene paths of Evergreen Cemetery is the apparition of a man observed standing in the doorway of an unmarked mausoleum. At the rear of the old section of the cemetery, completely separated from other graves, stands a splendid tomb of unknown origin. It is a magnificent structure upon which no family name or dates of internment are carved, and cemetery workers declare they have no idea who lies within the marble sepulcher.



The story of the 'man in the door' is related by Vicki Wallace, a thin, blonde in her late 40s, who has near perfect recall of events that transpired almost 30 years ago.

"Betty was a girl who came to our high school in the 10th grade and my friends and I thought she was strange because she was really into the supernatural," Ms. Wallace relates. "We were in a creative writing class together during our senior year (1969) and Betty wrote about a ghost lover she met in the cemetery. Okay," she admits, "what we wrote wasn't necessarily true, but, still, a ghost lover is a little weird." It seems Betty claimed she met her phantom paramour at Evergreen Cemetery. She saw him standing in the cobweb-shrouded doorway of an old mausoleum and went over and introduced herself. There was no name on the tomb but the blond, blue-eyed apparition, attired in the duds of another century, told her his name was Thaddeus.

Betty was so precise in her description of the unmarked tomb that Vicki and her friends, fascinated by their classmate's story, were able to locate it without any trouble. "We simply went to the old part of the cemetery and there it was toward the back just like she described it with no name on it. But, of course, we couldn't resist kidding her about it. You know how kids are."

But, apparently, Betty was of a far superior intellect and her quick retorts often left her tormentors speechless. "I remember once, we were kidding Betty about her ghost lover and I said I could never make up something like that and Betty replied, 'Who said I made it up?' and turned and walked away. She was smart and quick, I'll give her that," Ms. Wallace concedes.

After graduation, the members of the class of '69 went their separate ways and Vicki, entangled in an unhappy marriage, had all but forgotten Betty. Then one day she was talking with an old classmate who said he had run into Betty in an airport. "She

(Betty) told him she was on her way to New Orleans to some kind of book convention," says Vicki. "He said he got the impression she was a writer and noticed she was flying first class. She probably writes gothic novels. I wish I could find one of her books but she's probably using a pen name, something exotic. I'm sure."

Vicki still thinks of her unconventional classmate from time-to-time and following a fairly recent event, admits she has begun to reevaluate her own beliefs concerning the supernatural. "It was in 1995 and I was about to be married to my second husband. He has a daughter, Tina, by his first marriage and when we were planning the wedding, Tina came to visit one weekend for the wedding rehearsal. It turned out she was really into the gothic scene and liked taking pictures of old graveyards and things like that. She asked if there were any interesting cemeteries around Jacksonville and the only one I could think of was Evergreen so, the next afternoon, we went out there."

Vicki and her future step-daughter were walking about the old section of Evergreen Cemetery when the girl grabbed her arm. "Over there!" she exclaimed. "There's a man standing at the door of that old mausoleum!" The older woman thought the impressionable teenager was just seeing things. But when they reached the spot at which Tina swore she had seen a man in old-fashioned attire, Vicki was shocked to find they were standing before the unmarked tomb her weird classmate had written about more than a quarter-century before.

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Hawaiian Haunts: A Visitor's Survival Guide

Richard Senate



Many thousands of tourists visit the beautiful Hawaiian Islands each year and more than a few, by accident or ignorance, break one of the many ancient taboos of the islands. These

taboos have been held responsible for accidents and financial reversals. To assist those who plan to tour the 50th state I have listed a number of guidelines to use in protecting one from receiving a curse.

1. Don't belittle the Ancient Gods. To many Hawaiians, the old Gods are not the stuff of myth, but are important aspects of the Hawaiian Culture. To incur the Gods' wrath is said to be the height of folly. One visitor to "the City of Refuge," on the Big Island of Hawaii, saw a young boy toss stones at the wooden statue of an ancient deity. Later he saw the child slip and split his lip on a jagged stone!

2. Respect the ancient Holy Places. The stone mounds that served the ancient

Hawaiians as temples are believed to hold great supernatural power. The stones that make up the mounds are sacred and should not be handled or removed. To move such a stone is said to be an instant curse that can lead to all manner of unpleasant results. These ancient temple sites are held to be "Kapu" or forbidden. One American, visiting a temple site on the Island of Kauai, told of feeling invisible hands encircling his neck and forcing him to leap from the mound. A honeymooning couple of the Big Island of Hawaii hiked to one of the ancient temple sites that overlooked the ocean. Once there they rested upon the stones, watching the pounding surf. The young wife felt a sudden chill on the back of her neck and heard a whispered voice in her ear say "Kapu". She turned and saw that they were alone. She then turned to her husband and told him that she felt it was time to go. He had heard nothing, but felt the icy wind and change of the atmosphere. Several hotels have been built near ancient holy places and many guests have reported hearing chants and drums issuing from the sacred mounds late at night. Historically, human sacrifices were conducted upon the stone mounds. Perhaps the ritual murders have indeed left some supernatural energy at these places.

Approach them with reverence.

3. Respect the sacred roads. Several highways on the Hawaiian Islands are held sacred. Several were constructed by the ancient chiefs and kings to be used in holy processions. In ancient times these were considered “Kapu” by the common people. These highways are rumored haunted by the spirits of ancient warriors. The worst thing that can be done is to carry pork on these highways late at night. Those that do have reported accidents and bizarre malfunctions with their automobiles. The high roads are the most often cited as sacred. The taboo on pork may be linked to the use of pork as a sacrifice to the ancient Gods long ago. The Saddle Back Road out of Hilo, on the Big Island, has many stories of supernatural events happening late at night. The road between Kaunakakai and Kualapuu on the Island of Molokai is also haunted by a number of specters including strange dwarfs and, at a big ditch half way between the two towns, a frightening headless horseman has been encountered. The ghost rides a grey horse and holds his severed head high in his hands as the head laughs and shrieks. Some report that their cars have just died on this road until the spirits pass by.

4. Never disturb Lava Rocks. The rocks of the volcano are scared to the goddess Pele and should be left where they lie. Those who have defied this curse have paid the price for their irreverence with ill luck. Those visiting the islands and have taken a lava stone home as a inexpensive souvenir tell of accidents and disasters. Many have mailed the stones back to the islands in desperation, hoping that this will break the spell.

5. Never mistreat a strange old woman in Hawaii. Many native Hawaiians still believe in the power of the goddess Pele and hold that she can assume the form of an elderly woman and walk the islands. Those who defy the goddess by insulting her face many problems. She controls the volcanoes. On July 22, 1956, *The Honolulu Star-Bulletin* headlined; “Be kind to Madame Pele or face the results.” Those who live near active volcanoes are staunch believers in the power of Pele. Some say she can also assume the form of a beautiful red-haired woman. Sometimes she is seen hitchhiking along the high roads near ancient volcanoes. Even in this form Pele should always be respected.

6. Don't touch bones. The ancient Hawaiians believed that the spirit was contained in the bones and because of that bones should be handled with great care. All bones should be held sacred. If hikers or explorers should stumble upon an ancient burial cave, where the bones of great chiefs and priests are interred, they should leave at once. The longer one stays in such a sacred cave, the greater the danger of a terrible curse.

7. Salt and Ti plant are sacred and can be used to ward off negative forces. A lei made up of “Ti” leaves is said to be a powerful amulet to protect one from supernatural attack. Houses with “Ti” plants planted at the four corners will ward off evil spirits and keep ghosts away.

8. Ancient battlefields should be treated with respect. The site where the ancient warriors fought long ago are held sacred and should be avoided after dark. For when the moon is low, the spirits of the long-dead warriors wander the battlefields re-enacting

the battles of long ago. Phantom warriors have been seen by both native Hawaiians and visitors alike.

By following these guidelines a safe and harmonious visit can be accomplished

and one that might give the tourist some of the reverence the Hawaiian people have for these magical islands.

Haunted Hawaii The Ghostly Warrior of Pali Nuuanu

Richard Senate

"If you see the white lady, you're a goner for sure." With the sun of a mid-morning Hawaiian Day shining, such words might seem less frightening, but the way our tour bus driver maneuvered the bus was enough to cause me to grip my seat firmly and listen in silence as he continued to tell of Hawaii's fabled haunts.

"All Hawaiians are psychic," he said, not taking his eyes off the highway, "and we know things. Like my grandfather knew when my aunt was going to die. He just knew even before the telephone call. He knew she was gone." The bus geared down with a distinct whine as we began a steep section of the mountain highway. As we climbed the windy Koolau Mountains that rise outside Honolulu, our driver continued the story of the White Lady of Pali.

"She is the goddess who guards this place, but she is not alone. There was a big battle fought here in 1795. King Kamehameha invaded the island of Oahu and pushed back the defenders to this valley. They made a stand at these cliffs fighting all day long with war clubs and spears.

Kamehameha won and the defeated warriors were pushed over the Pali, down the cliffs, 1,000 feet, to the rocks. For years skeletons of those warriors could be seen at the foot of the Pali. The ghosts of those warriors march in the night and some say that they refight the battle late at night when the moon is full. The White Lady guards this place and she doesn't like pork - NO WAY!"

The bus stopped at the windy overlook that looms over the green fields of Oahu. I asked what would happen if someone brought pork up the mountain? The Hawaiian smiled, "Well, I don't know, but lots of accidents happen up here." He grinned in a way that indicated that the tale of the mysterious White Lady might be only a legend. As we left the tour bus we were swept by the truly incredible winds that blow up the cliffs. Our garments were pulled about our bodies and Muumuus ballooned like parachutes.

"If you toss a penny from the cliff it will fly back to you," yelled our guide as he looked over the protecting concrete wall. "If you fall over the edge, the wind is so strong

you would be blown right up again!" I wondered about this. If it were true, what about the old Hawaiian warriors? They were not blown back but fell from the precipice to their deaths. Listening to the moaning of the winds it seemed as if voices could be heard whispering from below. Stories of ghosts here seemed somehow natural here.

Later, I interviewed a long-time resident of the islands who confirmed the legend of The Pali.

Mrs. P., like many Navy wives at Pearl City, quickly made several friends among some of the families on Oahu. It was from them that she learned of the "White Lady" and the ghostly warriors of the Pali. Inclined toward skepticism, she and a girlfriend decided to test the legend and challenge the spirits of the islands by taking the forbidden pork up the Nuuanu Highway to the Pali. Fittingly, they began their adventure at midnight. Half way up the mountain something went wrong with the car. The brakes locked and spun the vehicle off the road, coming to rest with one wheel over the edge of a thousand-foot drop. When the frightened ladies at last secured

help and a tow truck came to pull them free, the driver of the truck, a Hawaiian, asked, "Did you try the pork?" They nodded. They were informed that many have challenged the Gods over the years - some had come away with disabled cars; others had been swept from the cliffs by the ghost warriors. "If you had met the White Lady you would not be standing here right now," he said. "Your folks would be lookin' at you under a sheet in the morgue."

A visit to the wind blasted Pali point is enough to cause a skeptic to reconsider the legends of Haunted Hawaii. When the winds moan and shriek, stories of ancient warriors and White Ladies become almost believable.

Submitted by: Richard Senate, Special Consultant to the GRS, 10061 Carlyle St., Ventura, CA. 93004.

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<http://aim.tj/JAM/ghost/ghstglry.htm>

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Amityville, Kansas

Maurice Schwalm



For those of you who have become jaded with the controversy surrounding the haunting of Amityville, Long Island, there is still hope. Try Olathe, Kansas. You can

find a nice new duplex with two ghosts and an Indian curse. Seems improbable in an area that was somebody's cow pasture yesterday. But the question is, what was the cow pasture used for the day before yesterday?

The duplex is a rental unit. The managing real estate company just laughs when it is suggested that it is a little peculiar to find all the hardware unscrewed before you move in. They ignore tenants who ask how the water faucets can be flowing at inconvenient times when the water hasn't even been turned on yet. But ask who owns the house or what contractor built the area and they get downright rude. It wouldn't do you any good if you did know since whatever it was happened long before.

They thought they were ready for anything when they moved in - especially as they had already heard that ten or more couples had moved in and out in the previous two years. The first night, the husband recorded some music and found that he had

an unexpected background of tomtoms on the tape. This was wiped on the assumption that it was "electrical interference", all over the house. A friend came over to see the new place and felt something grab her ankle on the stairs. The minister stopped by to bless the new home. He kept making swatting motions which he said were nothing. Somehow, he left without having blessed anything but the thin air around him.

Then they settled down to the problem of life on an Indian reservation in which you couldn't see the Indians. They felt them, dreamt them and heard them a lot. Indian decorative motifs were used on the theory that this would make "them" feel more at home. The husband even wore an Indian protective cross. Not much ever happened to him except two exploratory operations with negative results and several flat tires every week. The wife kept getting flashes of an Indian woman wearing what appears to be white deerskin dress. Occasionally, she would see a white woman who seemed very contemporary. The presence of the white woman seemed to interest her only as it seemed unrelated to her Indian life. She seemed to know a lot about both figures. But the information had not come thru the Ouija board they had tried, she just knew it as fact without knowing or caring how. She was in a strong symbiotic relationship with two spirits who didn't wish her well. She was alive and they were dead. She had gotten as far as realizing that the

chants and visions of a sea of eyes around them must be related to a place of the dead. She wanted to know what tribe they were and why they didn't construct their mound at the top of a hill.

Our parallel impressions indicated that the Indian woman had belonged to a tribe that feared spirits of the waters. They watched her be swept away without trying to rescue her in a creak that runs at the bottom of the hill as the land then lay. The white woman was killed when a boater dumped into her bath. There was a bond of sympathy between them. The burial ground was there

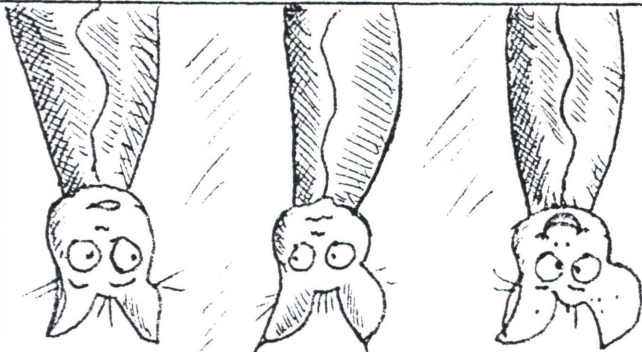
all right. Just as the witch doctors had left it, complete with devil dogs to attack anyone who approached for any reason whatsoever.

The woman in white deerskin put her devil dogs to sleep in wicker baskets after she had told her story. It was just as well. By that time, the leaf spring on my car had somehow broken and the muffler had fallen off the substitute car.

Submitted by: Maurice Schwalm, PO Box 3522, Kansas City, MO. 66103-0522.

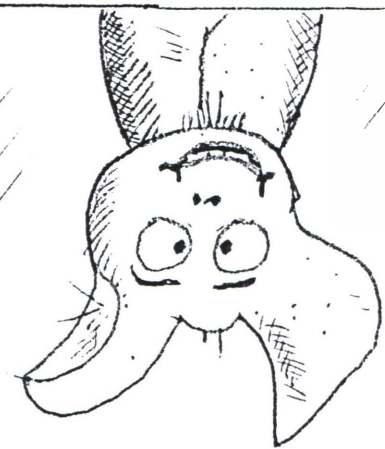
BATS IN THE BELFRY

BY RICHARD
SENATE



GHOSTS INTEREST
ME. HOW DO THEY
GO RIGHT THROUGH
LOCKED DOORS?

I
KNOW



THEY USE
SKELETON KEYS!

96 Richard Senate

This Olde House

I found my old house in 1973, and so all ten years of The Old-House Journal are on my book shelves. My house is a rather plain example of the Queen Anne style, built in 1903 by a practical man, who gave it very few flourishes. However, it remains almost unchanged and so authentic that it has been a delight to restore. Before we moved in, we only had to give it a good cleaning; we planned to live around our restoration projects.

The first “unexplainable” occurrence came during one of those early days of heavy-duty cleaning. I was in the cellar, sweeping up the stucco particles that had fallen from the sandstone walls, and coughing from the soot that had accumulated from years of burning coal. I was completely absorbed in my task, and unaware that we had worked almost through the night. My husband Terry was washing walls on the first floor. It was the shrillness of his voice calling for me that caused me to rush upstairs.

He was in the sitting room, off the parlor. He had been on a ladder, washing the ceiling fixture, when a soft voice, one that he mistook for mine, had spoken his name. He said the voice had come from directly behind him, almost at the level of his ear - while I had been down a flight of stairs and working in a far corner of the cellar.

We were both very tired and decided to leave our chores until the next day. Before we left for our apartment, I went upstairs to take one quick look at the little bedroom. We had fixed it up and furnished it before any other, just so that one room would seem homey in the chaos of moving. I found the ruffled curtains, braided rug, and

antique furniture very reassuring, and I took the time to straighten the crazy quilt on the bed before I left.

We didn't return until late into the next afternoon. As Terry carried in cartons, I went upstairs to set my prettiest house plants around the little bedroom. The crazy quilt, smoothed ten hours earlier, was rumpled, and the bed pillow bore the indentation of a sleeper's head.

To be very truthful, I was delighted at the thought of owning a “haunted” house. It was going to make terrific conversation at the house warming! The sitting room, where the voice was heard, temporarily became an antique shop. About five years later, I found myself alone here, and the shop was closed. I moved my bedroom to that room, as I didn't like sleeping upstairs anymore. We hadn't decorated or papered the sitting room, because it was a constantly changing arrangement of furniture, pictures, periods, and designs. It was dingy without the clutter, any my beautiful Victorian bedroom set made it look that much worse by comparison. I didn't sleep very well the first few weeks.

My mother came to spend the holidays with me. We shared my bed and slept without a problem. Two nights after she left, I saw my ghost. I awakened from the restless sleep that I'd become used to, and saw the figure of a woman approaching me from the end of my bed. She was slender and appeared taller than she was as her hair was piled up and fluffed. She wore a long, loose-fitting dress with no color to it. Her face was plain and expressionless.

My reaction was not that of a cool, scientific observer, as I had always imagined

it would be. All I felt was absolute terror. I called out, "Mother? Mother?" in confusion, as though it was her and nothing else. I did manage to look away to check my dogs. They were sleeping on my bed, as usual. I even reached out and touched the nearest; the physical contact with his fur proved to me that I was really awake. But neither he nor the other was sharing my experience (as many authorities say they are supposed to).

The figure glided rather than walked as it came forward. It even seemed to pass partially through the footboard of my bed, as though it did not exist for it. Meanwhile, I kept repeating, "Mother! Mother!" over and over, like a frightened child, until the apparition dissolved at the door leading to the parlor.

I sensed its presence one more time a few nights later, but would not open my eyes to see if it was there. I decided that sleeping upstairs wasn't so bad after all, and the sitting room became my TV room, now cheerfully papered and furnished with the only furniture in the house which is not antique. Nothing had disturbed me since.

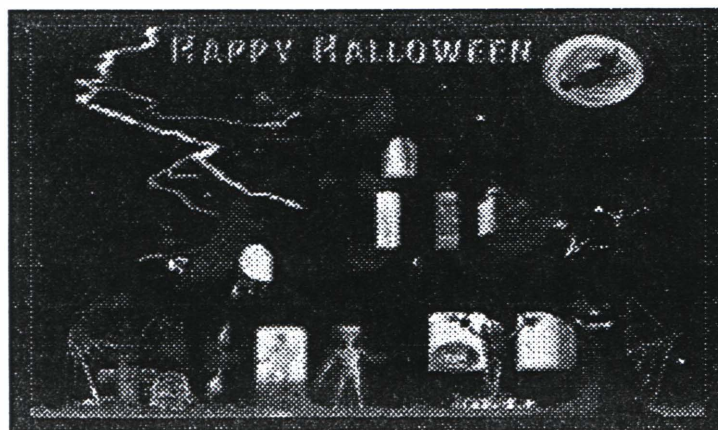
In 1981, I began to look into the background of my house. I followed OHJ's advice and talked with neighbors and relatives of the original builder. A surviving

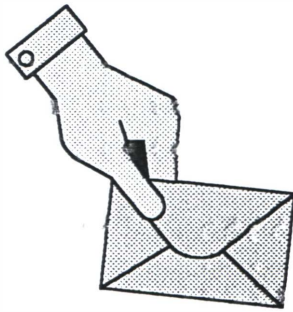
daughter of the family that lived there until 1945 was kind enough to correspond with me. She even sent me photos from her family album. Her sister Gertrude went to South Dakota and died there giving birth to a son. The boy was sent back to Ohio to live with his grandparents.

His grandfather was the depot sergeant for Penn-Central. The old depot, now restored, is still standing just across the street. The boy went to work for the railroad, too, but was killed when still a young man in a freak accident. He was a switchman and was run down by a train while changing the track - about 30 miles away from here, on the same tracks that I can see from my windows. He slept on an old iron bed, one which I thought had belonged to the people from whom we purchased the house, but which actually had been against the wall in the little bedroom upstairs for at least 60 years.

His mother and I have met. I wonder if Gertrude was wearing the same loose summer dress seen in her picture the night she paid me a visit.

Submitted by: R.S. of Olmsted Falls, Ohio.





Letters
To
The
Editor

I need assistance in finding out what this weird light is that appears on my ceiling. I think it's electricity because I do live by high voltage towers but I am not sure. I live close to Denver and would greatly appreciate any suggestion for a local contact to investigate this light. I hope that I don't sound like a crazy person. I have noticed these lights since Wednesday (4-28-99) and to be honest, I just want to be able to "turn them off" so I can go to sleep. The lights themselves seem to have a pattern of flowing electricity, like that ball you see in the mall at Spencer's Gifts, that you can put your hand on the "lightning" follows your fingertips. I do hope that you don't think this is a sham or anything and would appreciate any suggestions.

Sandy B.

Dear Mr. Kaczmarek,

I moved into a new home about 5 months ago. We have had many unexplained happenings. Some as little as broken items, finding broken glass when nothing broken can be found, moved or rearranged items. More recently, we have had more disturbing incidents. Some examples would be light switches, alarm clocks, answering machine, computer and other household items turning on and off by themselves. Most recently my daughter was playing video games and I was in my room when her picture, that hangs in the hallway, flew from the wall. Not just fell,

it landed far from where it would have had if just fallen.

My concern is that sense we have lived here, my daughter has had very strange behavior. I feel that we have more than one spirit here. I believe that one of them is a child being playful. The other or others seem to be very angry and vindictive. I am very worried that my daughter is seeing or feeling something that is causing her behavior. If you can help me figure out a way to live peacefully I would really appreciate it. Thank you for your time.

Karrie.

Mr. Kaczmarek,

I am writing you on behalf of my sister and her family. We both live here in southern California and she has recently bought a house in Old Town Whittier. There is a concern in our family about their house. My sister Missi, and her husband Todd, have 3 children. Joseph (4), Sarah 2 1/2) and Krystina (1). Sarah has been complaining about a man in her bedroom now for quite a while and on occasion has been in the room while my sister has been changing her. My family is Catholic, so naturally, my sister keeps holy water in her closet. My niece doesn't like to go to sleep when she says he is there. I am very concerned and fascinated by this, and I would like some info on someone here in California who could possibly give some light on what they should do about this. Sarah is barely forming sentences...and she gets very frustrated and terrified when she realizes that nobody else can see what she sees. I would appreciate the help.

Sincerely,

Enrico Villanueva

Well, I can't believe I'm writing you this, but I believe I live in the most haunted house there is. As a kid I was woken every night by several old people standing in my room. They used to have these strange meetings every night. They were not glowing, they looked real. I knew I wasn't dreaming because I would never wake up from it.

Everyone in my house has their own stories. We have a hall that connects mine and my sisters room and if you are sitting in the living room every once in a while, you will see a figure walk through the hall quickly. We call him the "Hall Guy" but everyone has seen him and it keeps some people from coming back. I guess I'm writing you to find out if you of anyway in which to maybe record these "Ghosts". I have a nightvision camera with infrared. Please write back. I'm a 25-year-old private investigator and of sound mind, but my mom's house is haunted and I don't know why. If there are ghosts here, why ain't they everywhere?

I'm emailing you in the hopes of obtaining some answers. A friend of mine has experiences that are extremely hard to explain since she moved into her apartment on May the first, 1999. Her female tabby cat has been howling at her and her husband at night while they are sleeping, waking them up. Her scissors went missing from her bathroom cabinet, and turned up in her living room. Her needle and thread has gone missing, and still is. She gets a strong feces smell when she walks into a room that goes away after a few seconds. She woke up with a scratch down her spine, from neck to tailbone, that wasn't there the night before. And she has reddish-brown stains on her hands and feet that won't wash off, that appeared overnight, but there are no stains in

her apartment that she could have stepped in. Any information or insight into these occurrences would be greatly appreciated. My friend and I live in London, Ontario, Canada.

Denise

For the last few weeks, we have experienced some most unusual happenings in our home, that have, at best, gotten out of hand. First, let me explain that we are the original owners of our six-year-old home. The happenings I am referring to include the following: stools placed up on our kitchen counter, pictures hung upside down, doors locking, office chairs up on desks and bath water turned off. Believe me when I tell you that I know how insane all this sounds. We have no shared these happenings with any of our family or friends, except two of my daughters friends who witnessed some of these strange things. There is only myself, 46 years old, my husband 47, our daughter 14 and our Labrador and three cats. None of the animals have EVER acted in a suspicious manner. We are at a total loss to explain any of this. Is there any help you can offer by way of reading materials, tapes, etc. Anything? The happenings seem to be focusing on my husband, his office and his things. Today we found his heavy desk moved into a corner with an old baby picture placed on his chair. Extremely weird and unsettling! What does all this mean and how can I find out? If you can offer any assistance or guidance, we sure would appreciate it. I can completely understand how this story may sound; outrageous comes to mind, but rest assured, I am not embellishing. I look forward to hearing from you at your convenience.

Tammy B., Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Opinion Polls

Jim Graczyk of Chicago, Illinois writes:

"A question and answer section. Possibly answer questions submitted via web email, etc. Possibly GRS friendly events mention like upcoming conference in July, News programs GRS will be featured on. I think the newsletter is very good. Put together very well, pictures, articles. No problem at all."

Marjorie A.E. Cook of Madison,

Wisconsin comments: "I enjoy seeing other ghosthunter's representations of ghosts and haunted sites. I do freelance artwork and would like info on contributing in this area. I'd like more information on investigations and research. Have you written any type of ghosthunter's handbook? I'd think your experience would insure a valuable contribution to less experienced ghosthunters.

Of all the magazines, newsletters and journals to which I subscribe, I think yours in my favorite. I particularly like the fact that it isn't cluttered with stories about UFOs, Fortean phenomena, etc. While on occasion articles on these subjects in O.K., my primary interest is in hauntings! I find most of the articles in your newsletter to be very well written and always interesting. Very impressive!"

Editor:

New columns are always dependent on reader input. I already have a 'Letters To The Editor' column but would consider adding additional columns such as a 'Question & Answer' column if there were sufficient input and questions from the

readers and subscribers.

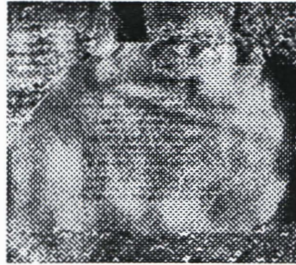
I have not produced a handbook but a very good source would be Troy Taylor as he has. You can contact him on his website: www.prairieghosts.com or call toll-free at: 888-GHOSTLY. He has produced a Ghosthunters Handbook which I highly recommend.

Ghost Trackers Newsletter has always prided itself on being one of the few publications dealing strictly with ghosts, hauntings, poltergeists and life after death. We will continue to strive to only produce articles under those headings only. We often turn down other material dealing with UFOs and New Agers, which, while somewhat interesting, doesn't meet with our format.

With a lot of consideration, this column 'Opinion Polls' will be discontinued as we have noticed that many do not fill out and return their opinion polls and this really is a waste of time and postage for the GRS. Opinion Polls will only be given out to local GRS members at Bi-Monthly Meetings. However, if you have a comment, question or criticism regarding any aspect of Ghost Trackers Newsletter, please send them to my attention personally and permission to reprint such in an upcoming issue. Or, comments can remain anonymous if you prefer.

Dale Kaczmarek

Spirit Photography Page



Here's a photograph taken last fall at Robinson Woods Indian Burial Grounds located in Norridge, Illinois along East River Road and Lawrence Avenue. It apparently shows some interesting wisps of smokey material near and on the actual monument taken during a bright sunlit afternoon.



Hi, I am enclosing a picture. Would you look at it and tell me if it's paranormal in nature. Thank you very much. Cricket via email.

Editor: I'm assuming that he is referring to the large ball of white light in the upper window on the balcony of the building. It's hard to tell with this picture but it could easily be a simple reflection of something in the background; even clouds.

Book Reviews

Maine Ghosts & Legends: 24 Encounters With the Supernatural by Thomas A. Verde (Down East Books, Camden, Maine, softbound, 1989, 126 pages, \$8.95, ISBN: 0-89272-273-8)

A delightful small book devoted to Maine; one of the first books that I ever came across that was written about that far northeastern state. Written in an easy-to-read format without all the bells and whistles of larger and more difficult to understand works.

Mr. Verde is a freelance writer and reporter so he knows how to research a story to get to the bottom of it. He does an admirable job in putting together the first book of it's kind and sorting through the legends and tales of Maine.

I enjoyed the book immensely and would recommend it to any New Englander, or, for that matter, to anyone interested in a good old-fashioned ghost story.

Rated a 6 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Haunted Sussex Today by Andrew Green (S.B. Publications, c/o 19 Grove St., Seaford, East Sussex, BN25 1TP, England, softbound, 1997, 87 pages, 5.99 pounds, ISBN: 1-85770-121-6)

Even though Mr. Green is up in age, he just continues to amaze me with the rapidity in which he churns out one book after another concerning British ghosts! One of England's most well-known ghost researchers, Andrew Green, spares no expense in traveling about the countryside

digging up stories, tales and legends along with eye-witness accounts for this small but amazing book.

Lavishly illustrated with many pictures, some which were taken by my good friend and fellow ghost researcher, Tom Perrott. The stories are all rather short but to the point and they leave the reader with no doubt in his/her mind that this place is indeed haunted! Alphabetically listed by the town or village, it makes for easy reference and easy access for the traveler who might be attempting to visit these places on a holiday. Don't miss this one!

Rated a 6 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

New York City Ghost Stories by Charles J. Adams III (Exeter House Books, PO Box 8134, Reading, PA. 19603, softbound, 1996, 185 pages, \$10.95, ISBN: 1-880683-09-1)

Charles J. Adams III is another one of those authors that finds no difficulty in producing one fine book after another; and he has done just that with *New York City Ghost Stories*. While on a visit to downtown Manhattan, I had a chance to visit a number of the places listed in Mr. Adams book with my good friend and New Jersey State Coordinator, Randy Liebeck. In fact, I was able to pick up a copy of the book while in New York. Again it's only one of it's kind as I've never seen another book devoted simply to New York City ghosts.

While in New York City, I was able to visit Fire Station No. 2 in Greenwich Village which is allegedly haunted by a

ghostly resident who may be a former fire fighter; Washington Square Park which was once a burial ground and execution yard and it supposedly haunted by a variety of specters; a former home of Edgar Allan Poe located in Third Street, also in Greenwich Village which is haunted by none other than the great poet himself and a nearby restaurant.

The book was instrumental in directing us around and filing in the details of the hauntings. Pictures are a plus in this book and I highly recommend it!

Rated a 7 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Ghosts and Haunted Houses of Maryland by Trish Gallagher (Tidewater Publishers, Centreville, Maryland, 21617, softbound, 1988, 95 pages, \$6.95, ISBN: 0-87033-382-8)

An interesting collection of authentic homes and historic buildings that have hung on to a ghost or two over the years. The author does a fine job putting together the stories but many are private homes where the names have been changed and locations not mentioned to protect the privacy of those living there now. That is fine, but it doesn't do much for the ghostbusters and researchers who would like to visit the locales mentioned.

Illustrations abound but no actual pictures. There are a few worth mentioning including: the Frenchtown Tavern, the spirits of Mount Saint Mary's, Lilburn (which I had a chance to visit while on a INFO haunted bus tour), Petty Cannon's home, Cedar Hill, Surrat House and, surely the most haunted location in the book, Point Lookout.

I especially enjoyed the story on Point Lookout and plan to visit it next time,

I'm in Maryland. It's located on the site of a former prisoner of war camp during the Civil War. Many have come away with encounters, strange photographs and EVP on their tape recorders.

While, rather short on content, considering the whole of Maryland is mentioned in the name of the book, it's still worth reading.

Rated a 5 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Haunted Ohio IV by Chris Woodyard (Kestrel Publications, 1811 Stonewood Dr., Beavercreek, Ohio 45432, softbound, 1997, 213 pages, \$10.95, ISBN: 0-9628472-5-9)

The fourth, and hopefully, not the last in a series of books about the 'Buckeye State'. Tastefully represented by Woodyard who is, by far, the most respected author and researcher in Ohio. I had a chance to catch up to her a few years ago while in Ohio and she graciously offered to take my wife and I around some of the numerous haunted sites around Dayton. Too bad I missed her tours which she no longer runs!

Many of the places mentioned in IV are open to the public and she gives you addresses and phone numbers, when available. Truly a good tour book for those unfamiliar with Ohio.

With all the anecdotal stories at the end of IV, there is probably enough material for a Haunted Ohio V which I would buy without hesitation.

They just keep getting better and better! Rated a 7 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Dark Harvest: The Compleat Haunted Decatur by Troy Taylor (Whitechapel Productions, Alton, Illinois, www.prairieghosts.com, 1-888-GHOSTLY, large softbound, 1997, 310 pages, \$19.95, ISBN: 0-9651497-5-7)

A real masterwork by Taylor who tirelessly works to get the stories accurate, correct and highly researched. It may seem redundant, but I continue to praise his books as "not to be passed up by any means". If you have ever lived in Decatur or simply wanted to know more about, not only the ghostly aspect, but the history, then this book is for you!

It starts out with a vivid and compelling history from the very beginning and continuing to present day. Intermingled within are the stories, legends and 'things that go bump in the night'.

The photographs are great and many can only be found today in city archives or through private collections. Troy has searched through such collections to make this book utterly complete and thorough!

The input by Frank Ward, parapsychologist, is also something you should not miss. Frank is truly the 'grandfather' of the modern day ghosthunters.

There is also a Midwest Travel Guide for outside the Decatur area and local encounters at private homes which only add to this already bulging amount of material for the reader.

Rated a 9 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Ghost Quest 98 Videotape (Ghost Seeker Society, Movie-Mix Productions, 408-248-7846, www.ghostquest.com, 1998, 70 min.)

An interesting exploratory video that follows the founder of the Ghost Seeker Society across the great northwest. Using digital cameras and Sony nightvision camcorders he has went in search of the strange and the paranormal. Some of what he captured on this video tape is truly amazing and deserves a serious look at. While there are some that most likely have natural explanations i.e. bugs flying through the picture and some digital camera flaws, most is interesting and I commend him for trying.

Not to try something is worse than trying and failing. I would definitely urge the reader to go to his website and order up a copy of this video tape and judge for yourself!

Rated a 7 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek



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